Ped. Most *Dull*, honest *Dull*, to our sport away. *Exit.*

Enter Ladies.

Qu. Sweethearts we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.
A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: Looke you, what I haue from the Louing King.

Rosa. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Qu. Nothing, but this: yes as much loue in Rime,
As would be cram'd vp in a sheet of paper
Writ on both sides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to seale on *Cupids* name.

Rosa. That was the way to make his God-head wax:
For he hath beene fiue thousand yeeres a Boy.

Kath. I, and a shrewd vnhappie gallowes too.

Ros. You'll neere be friends with him, a kild your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heauy, and so she died: had she beene Light like you, of such a merrie nimble stirring spirit, she might a bin a Grandam ere she died. And so may you: For a light heart liues long.

Ros. What's your darke meaning mouse, of this light word?

Kat. A light condition in a beautie darke.

Rose. We need more light to finde your meaning out.

Kat. You'll marre the light by taking it in snuffe:
Therefore Ile darkely end the argument.

Ros. Look what you doe, you doe it still i'th darke.

Kat. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.

Ros. Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light.

Ka. You waigh me not, O that's, you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason: for past care, is still past cure.

Qu. Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played.
But *Rosaline*, you haue a fauour too.
Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Fauour were as great, be witnesse this.
Nay, I haue verses too, I thanke *Berowne*,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too;
I were the fairest Goddesse on the ground.

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O he hath drawne my picture in his letter.

Qu. Any thing like?

Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

Qu. Beauteous, as Incke: a good conclusion.

Kat. Faire as a text B. in a Coppie booke.

Ros. Ware pensils. How? Let me not die your debtor,
My red Dominicall, my golden Letter.
O that your face were full of Oes.

Qu. A Pox of that iest, and I beshrew all Shrowes:
But *Katherine*, what was sent to you
From faire *Dumaine*?

Kat. Madame, this Gloue.

Qu. Did he not send you twaine?

Kat. Yes Madame and moreouer,
Some thousand Verses of a faithfull Louer.
A huge translation of Hypocrisie,
Vildly compiled, profound simplicitie.

Mar. This, and these Pearls, to me sent *Longauile*.
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.

Qu. I thinke no lesse: dost thou wish in heart
The Chaine were Longer, and the Letter short.

Mar. I, or I would these hands might neuer part.

Quee. We are wise girles to mocke our Louers so.

Ros. They are worse fooles to purchase mocking so.
That same *Berowne* ile torture ere I goe.
O that I knew he were but in by th'weeke,
How I would make him fawne, and begge, and seeke,
And waite the season, and obserue the times,
And spend his prodigall wits in bootles rimes.
And shape his seruice wholly to my deuice,
And make him proud, to make me proud that iests.
So pertaunt like would I o'resway his state,
That he should be my foole, and I his fate.

Qu. None are so surely caught, when they are catcht,
As wit turn'd foole, follie in Wisdome hatch'd:
Hath wisdomes warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits one grace to grace a learned Foole?

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excesse,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.47) Octavo